So true; but my eyes are dim,
And I can not read the letter,
The last I shell get from him:
I lease read it, sir, while I listenIn fancy I see him dead.
My boy shot down like a traitor!
My noble, my brave boy Fred."

Dear Father !!-- so ran the letter-"To-morrow, when twilight creeps Along the hill to the church-yard O'er the grave where mother sleeps, When the dusky shadows gather,

They'll lay your boy in the grave.
For nearly betraying the country.
He would give his life to save.
And father, I tell you truly,
With almost my latest breath,
That your boy is not a traitor,

You remember Bennie Wilson! He's suffered a deal of pain. He's suffered a deal of pain.
He was only that day ordered
Back into the line again.
I carried all of his luggage
With mine on the march that day;
I gave him my arm to lean on
Else he had dropped by the way.
Twas Bennie's turn to sentry,
Set I took his place—and, But I took his place—and, Father, I dropped asleep, and now I must die as traitors die.

The Colonel is kind and thoughtful, He has done the best he cau,
And they will not bind or blind me—
I shall meet death like a man.
Kiss little Blossom: but, father,
Need you tell her how I fell?" A sob from the shadowed corner Yes—Bioscom had heard it all. As she kissed the precious letter, She said with faltering breath: Our Fred was never a traitor, Though he dies a traitor's death.

And a little sun-brown maiden, In a shabby, time worn dress, Took her seat a half hour later In the crowded night express. The conductor heard her story
As he held her dimpled hand,
He tenderly wiped the tear drops
From the blue eyes brimming o'er,
And guarded her footsteps safely
Till she reached the White House door.

The President sat at his writing But his eyes were kind and mild That turned with a look of wonder On the little shy faced child. And he read Fred's farewell letter With a look of sad regret.

Tis a brave young life he murmured,

"And his country needs him yet;

From an honered piace in battle He shall bid the world good-bye. If that brave young life is needed, He shall die as heroes die."

## GIPSY'S CURSE,

Sir Philip knew full well why his pulses throbbed so quickly as he rode over the moorland by Ilma's side; and the strange old German legend came back to him of the terrible ride of Lenore and her lover through the forest, away, to unknown re-gions. Ilma was too fair, too pure for so black a fate; his love should not destroy, but save her. Death could not wrest her from such great love as his. Never was love more true and faithful, never devotion more perfect; his every thought was hers-his first love; for, though he had tasted deep of life's pleasures, he had never loved till now; and now he laid down his life at the feet of a golden-haired girl. Would she spurn the treasure, or would she fear him? On, on they sped through the summer sunshine, away from the faterul river-

"Let the dead past bury its dead" on to the distant land of light and love. Was the vow quite forgotten?

His hand was on his companion's bridle, but, even as her questioning eyes were raised to his face, his eyes were turned from her, and a mighty and terrible change had gone over her features. It was well perhaps that she did not meet his eyes just then, for surely she must have read there. in his whole heart. But why did his looks change, and his cheeks grow livid, and his hand drop from Zuleika's rein, and why did he closel with an iron-hand his own horses onward course? Because of the sound that came sweeping on the wind -"the sound of many waters," the sullen roar of Gipsy's Weir; and the awful words flashed across his mind-

"Ever Darrell's love shall prove,

Woe and death to both who love." The fierce revulsion was terrible; he atmost reeled in the saddle; he scarcely saw for one bewildered moment that Ilma, un-able at once to check her horse, had turned now and was riding back, to him. But, when the mist had rolled away from his eyes, and he saw her, his love, so young, so wondrous fair, he felt the bitterest anguish of self-reproach. Death to her, for whom he would shed his blood drop by drop smiling in the suffering borne for her sake? Had be been mad, mad indeed?but was it too late to save her-to bear the curse alone.

His strong will rose to meet the great need of the moment, to hide the truth from Hma. Yet even the quick command of feature which had become second na-ture to him could not, in the few seconds that elapsed, smooth away all signs of deep emotion; and Ilma's keen glance was keener now, too, to read his tace.
"What is it?" she said harriedly, paus-

ing and leaning forward, with her large clear eyes full of trouble. "Is it - Ah, forgive me !"

She raised her head and followed his glance, which seemed to answer her, towards the river. For a few seconds she sat quite silent, listening to the roar of the weir, her eye- aim with blinding tears; but her face quite turned from her companion, so that he could not see it.

"Don't trouble your bonnie head, Iima dear," he said half lightly, half caressingly, as one might speak to a child. "I am so grieved that I caused you even a passing trouble! But the sound came on me suddenly and unnerved me; for I was forgetting the shadows in the sunshine, and needed a reminder, I suppose. Hark—there is Roland's shout! Shall we make a detour round the bracken yonder and join

Hma made no answer, but silently loosed her bridle and rode off again, Sir Philip by her side. She could not have spoken one word. She still kept her face from him, though now there was an added pain that yet helped her to gain self-control. She was a child to him then-only a child? Well, and did not she behave like a child? What else could be think her? She was not seventeen yet, not for another week; so it was only kindness when he said that nothing was a trouble that was done for her. He only wanted to tease her, when he mocked her about the flowers; and—why, of course he would not have given her Zuleika, if he had thought she was more than a child! Well, here were the others; and now vexed Roland was looking, though he laughed and ealled out "Truants!" Then the girls came up, and there was a good deal of laughter and banter; and lima laughed as much as any one; but she was conscious all the time that Roland was anything but pleased.— She dld not care in the least about that, and was as far as ever from imagining why be should be vexed, except that he had not wanted her to leap the ditch. She let him keep her by his side however, and talked and laughed, and seemed in fine

Roland proposed crossing the Coalmere, and returning home by the Mill; and as no one objected to the idea, they made for a narrow bridge, that spanned the river three or four miles above Scarth Abbot .-- Only two horses abreast could cross this bridge, and here it happened that Sir Philp Darrell and Ilma were side by side

again. "What a rapid current the river has!" said the girl, atraid that he should think

she had been annoyed when he had last spoken to her.

"Ay," he answered, glancing over-the low parapet, with a strange thought of what that swift stream might be bearing away before many days were past; "and it will be running six miles an hour or more before long."

Ilma's words were hardly relevant to this remark.

"Sir Philip, is it all true-really true?" she said in a low tone.
"Sceptical still, young America—after what I showed you the other day too, and the dreadful stories I told you?"

Ilma did not know that his jesting tone was a refuge for himself; in her tones there was not doubt, but an ineffable dread, a yearning after a possibility, the wild effort to grasp at some means of es-cape, but the feeling thus unconsciously expressed might not really have taken a sold on the girl's inner life. She could not be indifferent to his fate; but it need not

Influence her whole existence.

"Don't laugh at me, please," said Ilma, trembling; it is not only—only the curse I mean, but the other—what they say about the floods this year."

"That the rains will come early I have no doubt, Ilma; but as to the rest, it may or may not be; indeed, the meedful sacrifleing' must be brought about quickly, or another victim must be found, for I shall not be here to give up my life for some one as yet unknown."

The girl drew a long deep breath—it might have been of relief, or of pain, or

Sir Philip's hand was on her bridle again, on her hand which trembled under the touch, yet not more than his, which rested there so lightly, yet lingeringly. "Ilma," said the sweet low voice, reso

lutely controlled, canswer me. There is no jesting now. Do you believe in the curse that is on my house?" "I cannot but believe it, Sir Philip; and yet—yet—"
"Yet what?"—as she paused.

The girl flushed and paled in a breath.
"Ah, do not ask me?"

Her eyes fell and her bosom heaved .-How could she say to him that she believed a noble life could not be doomed for ev-er for a sin not his, that a noble love given and received must be a savior and not a destroyer? She might have said it three days before-even perhaps yesterday; but now she shrank from the very subject, Sir Philip dropped his hand, and turned

away. She believed in the curse, believed that there were woe and death in loving him, and yet did not not fear him; then it was not too late—she did not love him.— Nay, in so short a time how could she?-And yet in the very moment that he rejoiced that he could save her, his heart was crying out, beating wildly against its prison bars, "Oh, Ilma, Ilma, my soul, were a thousand years of life to be mine, would give them all for the bliss of one brief moment-one moment to hold thee in these arms, to feel thy heart throb an answer to mine, to kiss thy sweet lips, and hear them whisper, 'Philip, I love thee!' But he only said-

"Pardon me! I will not ask you any more questions. Thanks, Ilma." They had reached the opposite bank, and now pulled up for the others to join them; and Ilma found herself once m by Roland's side.

It chanced that Ilma had not yet visited the Weir Mill; and as the riders approached it, Roland proposed that she should see it now. "But Sir Philip might not like it," be-

gan the girl.

Sabine laughed. "My dear coz, you must not think that there is an active hatred on Heston's part against the Darrells, though certainly he bears them no good will; moreover, Darrell himself is far too haughty to regard the hatred of inferiors. Ilma however persisted in appealing to

Sir Philip. He laughed. "Your wish would be enough," he said gallantly, even, if I had any objection; and I have not indeed. There is Job Heston

at the door, and Zeph feeding chickens outside." Yes, there stood Job Heston, with foldwatching the advancing riders scrutinisingly, or rather watching Sir Philip and Ilma, for the horses were coming up the

river bank all abreast at an easy trot, Ilma riding between Darrell and Roland. Job Heston's gipsy descent was plainly marked on his face, and it was not a pleasant face; the brows were heavy, the lips thick, and the eyes sinister. Zeph too had ceased from her occupation, and also watched the riders. She knitted her brows and clenched her hands under her apron as she looked from the young Squire to

Ilma. "What am I to her?" she muttered. "But, if the Dark Darrell fancies her, she would love him rather than Roland Sabine. Who would not except for the curse?" "Zeph!" said Job suddenly, startling the girl from her angry thoughts.

"Yes, father." "They are coming here. I suppose they want to show the foreign missy the Weir Mill. I'll lay it she knows the story long Ha, ha!" ago!

"Of course, father; yet what if she "It's never Sir Pailip will marry I wot," returned the miller grimly, "unless hetakes his wife home between now and St. Bartholomew; for the floods will be out, and he has but a few days more of life."

"Father," said Zeph, turning pale, "why should it be this time?" "Bah, girt! See-the foreign missy rides Zuleika, the choicest mare in the Court stable. Do you think Sir Philip will leave Scarth Abbot? Not he! 'Tis his fate that keeps him here; and, if he said to-day, that he would leave, I should know it could not be. Be sure Sir Philip will never see gray hairs, and a stranger will reign at Court before the trees are

But Zeph was a woman and grieved for the handsome and winning Lord of the

Manor. The riders came on and drew up before the Mill, and Sir Philip, ever courtly raised his hat to Zeph, as she ran forward curtseying, and asked smilingly if Miss Costello might look over the Mill.

"Surely, Sir Philip, and welcome!" replied Zeph, stealing a glance at Roland. But Roland was looking at 11ma; and Zeph

Then Heston came out, and, as politely as he could, offered to show the young lady over the Mill. Rose and Janie remained in the saddle, but Sir Philip and Roland accompanied Ilma; and Job, who was hab-itually saturnine, showed the girl all over the quaint old place.
"May as well see it while ye can,

missy," he said presently, as they passed up from the lower toward the upper floors. "The old Mill hasn't long to last, I'll warrant."

"Pooh, Heston!" observed Roland. "It will stand a good deal yet."
"No, it won't, Mr. Sabine; the foundstions are less secure than you'd think, I know. They have been repaired more than once in my time. But, if it will be, it will be, and when it will be." And Job closed his mouth after that for fully ten

minutes. "It looks dismal somehow, and makes me think of the story of Bishop Hatto and the rats," said Ilma, in German, to Sir

"There is something eeric and uncanny in the very air of Scarth Abbot, I think," replied Darrell. "You must wish you had never come here, Ilms. Shall we leave the Mill?"

"Oh, no, please; I want to see all over it! But, Sir Philip, I don't like its own-"Nor I; if he were not a miller, he would be quite equal to the role of a mur-

"Do you mean that?"

play that part yet." lima shuddered, and instinctively drew nearer to her companion. She reme ed his words afterwards.

(To be continued.)

Edenic Diet. The Alta Californian says: The halfdozen eranks who for the sake of notoriety, are promoting a rare vegetable-eating association, held a mutual admiration society the other day. Before, the meeting commenced an angular fe-male with a complexion something like a well-worn saddle that had been out in the rain, took it upon herself to interview an Alta reporter. She commenced by asking his name, age, occupation, salary, and mode of life, and, on being informed that he was an Irish nobleman in disguise, working on the Alta for \$1,000 a month, she demanded to know why the Alta had not paid more attention to the "Edenic diet," as she was pleased to style raw turnips and other cattle food. The reporter replied that the Edenic scheme had been somewhat frowned down by the Alta editors because the promoters of the scheme were not consistent.

"Now you are real mean to say we are not thoroughly consistent. We never eat any animal food and never cook anything," replied the rather damaged looking vestal.

"You claim to follow the example of our first parents as an excuse for lapsing into the savage habits of the Digger Indians; if they consider the example of Adam and Eve so good in one way, then why not in another? Why don't you go in for the whole of the Eden business?" asked the reporter.

"What do you mean, sir?" asked the pioneer damsel, looking about the same as the girl who finds that the longwished-for-sealskin given her by Augustus is one of the Clara street brand.

"If you admire the Eden style of rub so much, why don't you tackle the Eden costume, too? Discard your drapery and bifurcated skirts, and prance around in a fig-leaf apron. That would suit your style of beauty about as well as raw potatoes and wheat will an ordinary christian stomach," replied the reporter.

"What, me walk around nearly n-Oh, its too horrid! Besides I should be arrested by the police, and then, think, too, all the weavers and spinners and milliners would be ruined," rejoined the female, irately.

"Can't you have as much regard for the cooks, waiters, bakers and restauranters as you have for milliners and such?" asked the reporter. "Oh, it's no use arguing with you. I

see; you scoff at everything you don't understand," said the Edenic promoter as she closed the interview and the door with simultaneous bangs.

## Another Wonderful Motor.

An announcement has been made in Chicago of the discovery of a new and remarkable motor known as "The Triple Termic Motor." The new motive power is the vapor of bi-sulphide of carbon. It has been in practical use in driving a 60-horse power engine for six months past in a cement paving manufactory on West Forty-sixth street, New York. The discoverer of the means of applying the new motive power and the machinery adapted to its use is W. S. Colwell, formerly of Pittsburg, who, it is stated has been at work many years on their application. The material from which the vapor is generated, bi-sulphide of carbon, is a discovery of the last century. force and power of the vapor in its application, far surpasses that of steam, d its application and regulation are ander a more perfectly control than that of steam. The invention or discovery consists in evolving bi-sulphide of carbon into a vapor for operating machinery by generating heat in a generator and transferring it into a vessel containg bi-sulphide of carbon. The latent heat of the steam is utilized to convert the bi-sulphide of earbon into vapor, only 118 deg. being necessary to produce this vapor. A prominent engineer of Chicago, in giving the result of his examination of the new motor, says: "I saw a 15-horse power boiler, with very little fire under it, generating steam, which generated the new motor, which in turn ran an engine of 60-horse power." A syndicate has been formed which controls the invention and all its patents, with a capital stock of \$25,000,000, of which \$8,000,000 has already been realized on stock. Ex-Gov. Hubbard, of Texas, and ex-Collector Baird, of Boston, are mentioned as being largely interested in the new motor syndicate.

Anecdote from the Cow-Boy Country Two ladies, one from the East and the other from the West, were sitting last summer on the veranda of one of our fashionable frontier hotels in Miles City chatting together, when two cattle men, clad in leather pants, buckskin

shirts and sombreros, rode up. "Oh, my," exclaimed the Eastern lady, "there are some of those horrid cow-boys; let us go inside."

"Why, you wretch," cried the little Western woman, "that's my husband," pointing to the foremost horseman.

"And the other?" inquired the Eastern lady. "My brother," said the Western lady.—Chicago Tribune Letter.

## In the Right Place.

The "Bystander" of the Detroit Times has some very sensible ideas upon adoption. I wonder, he says, how many of the toilers in the great vineyards of life are really working in the grooves originally designed for their use by the greatest of all architects. I am very much afraid that, were the lines sharply drawn, about nine out of every of the sons of men would be found to be putting in ten solid hours per day dig-ging in somebody else's potato patch. I have a theory of my own in this matter. I believe that every man is born into the world for a distinct purpose, and unless he gets his grip on that particular purpose he will never rise above the mediocre. That is, that while a man may do a great many things well, he will never attain eminence save in the one thing for which he was espec-ially endowed before birth. The thing may be-and generally is-the one thing which seems to be farthest beyond his grasp. He may see ogly "as through a glass darkly," but there will be a certain indefinable something implanted within his breast which will cause him to blindly struggle towards the mountains, beyond which lies 'his Italy." He may never reach it—all Italy." He may never reach it—all things considered, the chances are that he never will-and he will be possesse through life with a vague sense that he has been deprived of something which should rightfully have been his.

Governor Hubbard cut his runaway daughter Nellie off without a cent.

How an Old Veteran Escaped Annthilation and Lived to Impart a

Warning to Others. National Tribune of Washington.

A pleasing occurrence which has just come to our notice in connection with the New York state meeting of the Grand Army of the Republic is so unusual in many respects that we venture to reproduce it for the benefit of our readers.

Captain Alfred Rensom, of New York while pacing in the lobby of the armory, previous to one of the meetings, suddenly stopped and scanned the face of a gentleman who was

in earnest conversation with one of the Grand Army officers. It seemed to him that he had seen that face before, partially obscured by the smoke of battle, and yet this bright and pleasant countenance could not be the same pale, and death-like visage, which he so dimly remembered. But the recollection, like Banquo's ghost would not "down" at command and haunted him the entire day. On the day following he agair saw the same countenance, and ventured to speak to its owner. The instant the two vetera as heard each other's voices, that instant they recognized and called each other by name. Their faces and forms had changed, but their voices were the same. The man whom Captain Ransom had recognized was Mr. W. K. Sage, of St. Johns, Mich., a veteran of the 23d N. Y. Light Artillery and both members of Burnside's famous expedition to North Carolina. And after the first greetings were over Captain Rensom said:

"It harvily seems possible, Sage, to see you in this condition, for I thought you must have been dead long ago."
"Yes, I do not doubt it, for if I am not mistaken, when we last met I was occupying a couch in the hospital, a Magazine for May. victim of "Yellow Jack" in its worst

form." "I remember. The war seems to have caused more misery since its close than when it was in progress," said the Captain. "I meet old comrades fre-quently who are suffering terribly, not so much from old wounds as from malarial poisons which ruined their constitution

"I think so myself. When the war closed I returned home and at times I would feel well, but every few weeks that confounded 'all gone' feeling would come upon me again. My nervous system, which was shattered in the service, failed me entirely and produced one of the worst possible cases of nerv-ous dyspepsia. Most of the time I had no appetite; then again I would become ravenously hungry, but the minute I sat down to eat I loathed food. My skin was dry and parched, my flesh loose and flabby. I could hold nothing on my stomach for days at a time, and what little I did eat failed to assimilate. I was eaily fatigued; my mind was depressed; I was cross and irritable and many a night my heart would pain me so I could not sleep, and when I did I had borrid dreams and frightful nightmares. Of course, these things came on one by one, each worse than the other. My breath was foul, my tongue was coated, my teeta decayed. I had terrific headaches which would leave my nervous system completely shattered. In fact my existence, since the war, has been a living death. from which I have often prayed for release.

"Couldn't the old surgeon do you any "I wrote him and he treated me, but like very other doctor, failed. They all said my nerve was gone and without that to build upon I could not get well. When I was at my worst, piles of the severest nature came upon upon me. Then my liver gave out and without the use of catharties I could not move my bowels at all. My blood got like a stream of fire and seemed literally to burn me

"Well you might better have died in battle, quick and without ceremony." "How many times I have wished I had died the day we captured Newberne!"

"And yet you are now the picture of health. "And the picture is taken from life, I am in perfect condition. My nerve tone is restored; my stomach reinvigorated; my flesh is hard and healthy; in fact I have new blood, new energy and a new lease of life wholly as the result of using Warner's Tippecanoe. This remarka-ble preparation, which I consider the finest tonic and stomach restorer in the world, has overcome all the evil influences of ma.aria, all the poison of

the army, all traces of dyspessia, all mal-assimilation of food, and indeed make a new man of me The Captain remained silent for a while, evidently musing over his recollections of the past. When he again raised his head, he said:

"It would be a god-send if all the veterans who have suffered so intensely and also all others in the land who are enduring so much misery could know of your experience, Sage, and the way by which you have been restored." And that is why the above conversa-

tion is recounted. Lindley Muse, a colored man who stands at the door of the office of the secretary of the navy and takes in the cards of callers, is said to be the oldest goevrnment employe. He has filled the position for 53 years, having been first appointed by Samuel Southard, who was secretary of the navy under the ad-

ministration of John Quincy Adams.

Muse says he has forgotten when he was born, but thinks he is about 80

years of age. Beware of the locipient stages of consumption. Take Piso's Cure in time.

Faithfulness is necessary in all kinds of work. Especially is it necessary, in treating a cold, to procure the best remedy, which is Allen's Lung Belsam, and take it faithfully according to directions, and it will cure a cold every time and prevent fatal results. Sold by all drugglets.

FOR BRONCHIAL, ASTIMATIC, AND PELMON-ART COMPLAINTS, "Browsen's Bronchial Troches" mani-est remarkable curative prop-erties. Sold only in boxes.

Dr. Sandford's Liver Invigorator has a reputation equal to any medicine in the world. "BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all an-noving Kidney and Urtnary Diseases. \$1.

Those persons who do not need Iron, but who are troubled with Nervouaness and Dyspepsia, will find in Carter's Little Ngava Pills a most destrable article. They are mostly used in combination with Carter's Little Liver Pills and in this way often exert a most magical effect. Take just one pill of each kind immidiately after eating and you will be free from Indigestion and Dyspepsia. In visit at 25 cents. Sold by all Druggists. PURE COD-LIVER OIL made from selected in the sea-shore, by Caswall, Hazard & Co. York, it is absolutely pure and sweet. Par who have once taxen it to all others. Physi-lays decided is superior to any of the other

AN ARMY EXPERIENCE.

Many who long suffered from urinary and digestive diseases, causing nervous-ness, weakness and debility, after trying bitters, kidney medicines, iron medicine etc., without benefit, have found permanent relief in from one to three bottles of Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsapa rilla, the only perfect blood purifier and strengthener. Hundreds of letters to the proprietors have testified to its superiority wer the many pretended cures so largely advertised by means of bogus certificate that are bought and paid for.

Says a Southern journal: "Mrs Simmonds, while cutting her corn with a sickle, in the field, the other day, badly cut her foot," A sickle is an unhandy thing to pare corns with, anyway, but as there was probably no razor a hand, she took the first thing that she could find, When a woman starts to do a thing, she is bound to accomplish her purpose. And there is no doubt bu what she would have used an axe if she hadn't found the sickle

nothing if not accurate) "is that son of I've been waiting for him two ours? lessed hours."

The fault with most all cough preparations is that they contain morphia, and are absolutely injurious to the stomach and nerves. That simple preparation of wild cherry bark, called Dr. Wistar's Balam of Wild Cherry, contains no morphia ind yet will cure a cough or cold in time than any other compound. It is the only reliable cure for consumption.

"Now, Marse Tray, you must 'ense Joe," said his mother in her most conciliaing tones—"you really must 'cuse Joe. dis mornin'—Joe dead."—Harper's

"Rough on Coughs," Lie., Me., 50c., at Druggist emplete cure Coughs, Hourseness, Sore Throat.

I am canvassing in Cadillac, and hear a great deal about your medicines. I enclose pay for two bottles of your pile remedy. Please send at once. Many think Zoa-Phora has almost dote miracles for them. I hear of none who are dissatisfied with it.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Drugeists sell it. 23 DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE. "Rough on Rata" clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, best-bugs. 18c.



YOUNG OR OLD. HUSBANDS ( OF ( WIVES

Sons av ala Decourer. Testimogials furnished. Our Passyhiet at Diseases of Women and Children ratis. Every somen above it place of age, especially a cloud read it. Address

"Where in thunder" (the historian i

EXCUSABLE.-A gentleman in Rich mond, Virginia, lad a servant named Joe. One morning he lay in bed till nine o'clock, but no Joe and no fire. The impossibility of shaving with water thirty degrees below freezing-point brought imprecations on the tardy domestic's head, when the door opened and Aunt Polly leisurely began to light the fire.

Cadillac, Nov. 9, 1883. Dr. Pengelly

Mrs O. Hollister.



IS A SOVEREIGN REMEDY all Complaints poculiar to WOMEN.

MOTHERS | Sickly | DAUGHTERS SHOULD KNOW ABOUT IT.

R. PENGELLY & CO., Kalamazon, Mich.

OSTETTERS entonbled systems suffering from

lruggists and dealers generally.

A Specific tor
EPILEPSY,
SPASMS, CONVCLSIONS,
VCLSIONS,
VCLSIONS

CONQUEROR BILIOUSNESS, COSTIVENESS, KIDNEY TROUBLES and all IRREGULARITIES. 237 1.30 PER BOTTLE LY DECOURTS. ......

The Dr. S. A. Richmond Med. Co., Prop., St. leseph, Me.



TRADE MARK THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

Liver and Kidney Remedy, Compounded from the well known Curatives Hops, Malt, Buciau, Man-drake, Dandellon, Sarsaparilla, Cas-cara Sagrada, stc., combined with an agreeable Aromatic Elixir. THEY CURE DYSTEPSIA & INDIGESTION, Act upon the Liver and Kidneys, REGULATE THE BOWELS,

hey cure Rheumatism, and all Uri-nary troubles. They invigorate, nourish, strengthen and quiet the Nervous System. As a Tonic they have no Equal.

Take none but Hope and Mait Bisters. FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS .lops and Malt Bitters Co.

TON IC

FARMERS!

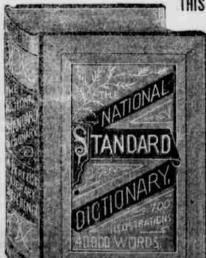
A large stock of carefully selected choics SEED CORN, CLOVER and TIMOTHY SEEDS

Best Plow in the World! ome and see it! Agricultural implements of allfkinds at manufacturers' prices.

W. S. PENFIELD 219 Woowward Avenue

RANSFER to any address. G. L. FOX, Detroit, Mich

355,000 TO SUBSCRIBERS.



THIS OFFER GOOD TILL JUNE 15th. The National Standard Dictionary. Contains 700 Engravings

> 40,000 Words. 3 FOR FIFTY CENTS

cash presents of \$1,000 cach. 5 cash presents of \$300 cach, 5 cash presents of \$500 cach, 5 cash presents of \$500 cach, 50 cash presents of \$50 cach, 100 cach

The Ghicago Enterprise

Address THE CHICAGO ENTERPRISE, Chicago, Pil. C. S. A.

Farms in Michigan Descriptive and price list now ready for free nibution, Over 20 drest-class farms, ranging 10 to 80 acres, at prices from 13 to 8100 per 250 premiu at farm of 500 acres at \$55 per Address Geo W. Snover, theat Estate and 1 acres, 105 Griswold St., ibstrott, Mich. ECETABLE

SEEDS. Seed Corn. Seed Pens. The Celebrated Longfellow Field Corn.

Detroit, Mich temoved to Free Press building May 1st. Pine Lands For Sale.

The longest car, largest kornel, and smallest cob of any field corn known. Essecially adapted to the climate of Michigan Price, Sc. for four quarts.

Geo. W. Hill.

We Offer for Sale on Wisconsin Central Railroad

DAVID PRESTON & CO.,

Detroit, Mich.



All First Class Grocers Keep Them WAFER CRACKERS

The Wafer utter Cracker is acknowledged by sommars to se the best. Ask your grocer for them. Made by Lawrence Bepew & Co.,

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE STOCK

Samuel Johnson, ASK FOR THE

BY GEORGE! CIGAR A genuine Havaha for 5 cents. Manufactured by V.Z MMEL, ha sichigan ave., Detroit, Dealers e rrespond with us.

CANCERS Cured without the knife or loss of blood DR.DE COU 254 Woodward Avenue,

Come to Detroit and see patients whom I have cured. Beware of advertised nos-Consultation free. Detroit references.



PURE COD LIVER OIL AND LIME.

5 TON WAGON SCALES, U.S.STANDARD. JONES \$60 and BINGHAMTON

shares JONES OF BINGHAMTON, IFE LOANS



ONSUMPTION

GENTS wanted in this town to sell our XXX Blended Ten. Gold Band China Cup and Sames ron with each pound. Price file. Dealers send for ritualers. JAS. B. CLARK. 28 Greenwich at., S. Y. W.N.U. D--2--19

Cancer Positive cure-Dr. W